THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VIII.

Quicquid est illud quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cæleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.

CICERO.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must be eternal.

SCARCELY any subject has been discussed more frequently than the immortality of the soul, and nothing requires more serious attention. The natural arguments in favour of this doctrine are obvious to every reflecting mind; yet independent of these, conscience dictates its probability and reason sanctions its truth. It is properly the duty of the philosopher and moralist to point out the distinction between the properties of matter and the qualities of mind: to analize them accurately and by forming a just comparison between them, to deduce the best and most rational conclusion. I shall not therefore enter into a consideration of the component principles of the soul, nor repeat the observations of those writers who have fully investigated this subject. It is my intention to controvert, and I hope to refute one of the arguments which have been advanced against the reality of a future state. But before I proceed further, I must remark that almost every moral periodical writer who has preceded me has in some measure treated of the subject of this essay. *Novelty* should not therefore be expected. It would be presumptuous were I even to *hope* that I could render this noble theme more interesting than it has been made, by a number of distinguished luminaries whose brilliant literary productions have enlightened the world. Perhaps however by elucidating some of their observations and by enlarging upon their opinions, I may afford *some* instruction; or, as *Dr. Johnson* has remarked, I may render agreeeable the path which has been before so often trod, by spreading it with flowers whose odours will be congenial, or by pointing out new scenes which have been carelessly passed by. And if I fail in affording either instruction or amusement, I shall comfort myself with the reflection,

.....*Est*
In magnis incæptis labere magnum.
"'Tis great to fail in noble undertakings."

The argument to which I allude appears at first extremely plausible, but is by no means incapable of refutation. It has been asserted that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is a mere political regulation, formed to restrain the wicked and licentious, but totally destitute of truth and unworthy the belief of a sensible man. Without depending upon the christian religion, to whose precepts it is directly contrary, for a confutation of this argument, let us for a moment suppose, that system not to be the divine revelation, and appeal to reason. I would ask then how are we to judge whether a principle be implanted by nature in the human breast or is merely the result of education? The proper, and indeed the *only* answer that can be given is, by its universality. For if a cause always operates in a certain manner and invariably produces the same effect, its rule of action is ascertained and it becomes a law of nature. We know that all bodies are attracted towards the centre of the earth, and as there are no exceptions, this has been established as a law. Experience has convinced us that every substance must dissolve, and we therefore justly infer that the dissolution of matter is a law of nature. The same reasoning applies with equal force to the affections and passions of the mind. We find that all animals have a fondness for their offspring, and that from the earliest period of infancy, the affection is reciprocal. Will any one assert

that this is the result of any human establishment or regulation? The most sceptical refinement must acknowledge that it is implanted in the mind by nature, or more properly, that it is an establishment of the Divinity. I do not here mean to assert that it is an innate principle, but that it is among the first, and is perhaps the *very first* affection which a child experiences. It is an impression made upon the mind as soon as its faculties are capable of operation, and before it is in any manner affected by education. In order to prove more fully that filial love is not the result of any human establishment, I would ask whether a child could be persuaded to dislike its parent as long as the actions of that parent evinced affection for it? Certainly not. Reason and Nature would revolt at the idea. It is not therefore a human or political establishment, but nature which teaches an infant to love its mother. With the brute creation it is more evident, for we can ascribe their affection to no other source than that of Almighty Wisdom. For who will pretend to assert that the affection which an inferior animal feels for its parent is the result of education? Every person must acknowledge that brutes imbibe it from the fountain of nature, or in other words, that it is bestowed by the hand of that Being who directs the movements of the universe. From its universality and invariability it has been established as a law of nature. Since then we can judge whether a principle is natural or political only by its universality, it necessarily follows that if we can establish an universal belief of the immortality of the soul, then it is natural to the human heart, and consequently is a truth implanted in the mind by the Almighty.

As far as we have been able to trace the religious institutions of different countries, we have always discovered the belief of a future state. It is true that it is corrupted among some; but it is not our intention to examine the various modifications of this general sentiment; we only wish to prove that there is a principle which will comprehend all the different opinions which have been entertained concerning it. History informs us that among the most barbarous nations as well as the most refined societies; among the philosophers both of ancient and modern times, a belief of a future state has always been inculcated. I must repeat that the corruptions of a principle do not invalidate its reality. And though the opinions of the savage be not so pure and exalted as ours,

> Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
> Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humble heav'n;
> Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
> Some happier island in the wat'ry waste.

M. ESSAY ON MAN.

Mr. Easy,

By publishing the following, you will much oblige

A FRIEND.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BY-STANDER.

Sir,

As no *gentleman* has had the gallantry to defend us, I have thought proper to address you. When a man assumes the privilege of ridiculing the follies and vices of others, it should always be done with the strictiet justice and impartiality. You, sir, have assumed this privilege, but hitherto you have made the errors of the ladies the chief subject of your animadversion. I expected that ere this you would have pointed out the degeneracy of the gentlemen, and particularly because their conduct is more worthy of reprehension; but from your silence on the subject I fear that you add one to the number of those who make it a constant practice to ridicule the ladies. Scarcely a writer makes his appearance who is not armed against the weaker sex; and instead of defending, which is more consonant to the dignity and generosity of man; their greatest pleasure appears to be in persecuting us. Sir, I am one of those to whom your remarks on the morning parties in some measure apply; and although I acknowledge the justice of your observations, yet I cannot help considering them rather too severe. It is true that the fault which you ridiculed had become general; but you should have recollected that you were addressing *ladies*. Your remarks if addressed to *gentlemen*, might have been perfectly proper; but to those who are unaccustomed to such language, they were, I assure you, highly improper. I do not mean to impeach your intentions, for I am convinced they were good; I only wish to render you more delicate in future towards that sex, whom it has ever been the pride of gentlemen to admire and respect.

Before I conclude, let me once more remind you of your duty towards your own sex. For a long time past I, as well as many of my female acquaintance, have observed in them a kind of coldness and neglect towards us, and a desire of associating with one another in preference to the enjoyment of the pure and interesting conversation of the ladies. You, sir, know that this is a mark of degeneracy. There are many other faults which I could easily point out, but there is no necessity: You as a *By-stander*, are acquainted with them, and I trust that this hint will be sufficient. ELIZA.

The above letter addressed to the *By-Stander*, a writer whose talents and industry stand high in the estimation of

the Editor, will, we doubt not, receive every attention which female complaint ever deserves at the hands of a gentleman and a scholar.

Relying with confidence on the ability and willingness of this writer, we shall not interfere in his affairs; but, in justice to ourselves, we must protest against the unqualified censure of Eliza. The By-Stander constitutes but one part of the Companion; and Eliza cannot charge us with issuing satire against the ladies only. We all know their faults are trivial, when compared with the masculine profligacy we witnesss: but they are therefore the more easily corrected. Indeed the aberrations of men are such as almost to defy the severest animadversion. The incorrigibleness of a large number of young men, plunged into dissipation, and gathering the abominable fruits of a vicious life, is painful to the eye of morality, disgusting to a man of decency, and beyond the short influence of our correcting pen. Terrified at the dreadful scene before us, we would willingly turn back, and forget the impression, but that a sense of duty impels us to the unequal contest. We could name places, the nocturnal resort of youth, (whose parents and guardians little suspect such doings) that are the secret, contaminating sink of unlawful revelry and dissipation. These are emphatically the graves of the morality and the honesty of this city; where, long ere it ripens, a boy barters his character for delusive, momentary enjoyments; unknown to his parents, unsuspected by those whose timely interference would rescue from approaching infamy many a bright promise of subsequent usefulness. Parents and guardians do not immediately encourage this contempt for character; but they do mediately, by their remissness, hasten the progress of vice. We are not so uncharitable as to insinuate that heads of families permit their boys to indulge in all the wantonness of vice, when they are acquainted with their haunts: But how will *such* account for their neglect of duty, when informed that a company of boys, who they suppose engaged in innocent amusement in a neighbouring parlour, are decoyed by an overgrown minister of wickedness, into a back room, where Cards, Dice, and ardent Spirits take place of every thing useful and instructive? In such assemblies; not the accidental; but the *habitual* resort of those once initiated into the guilty and enticing mysteries of the den, a boy of thirteen or sixteen loses all respect for moral rectitude, and eagerly exchanges the unfashionable garb of virtue for the fascinating habiliments of vice. Here, before he is acquainted with the heavenly rules which bind man to man, and render civilized society a blessing; he is taught to despise every effort to restrain his natural propensities, and to laugh at the *morose stupidity* of him, who dares be just to himself and to his God:—Here, before a finished education has implanted fixed principles of honour and integrity in his breast; he is swallowed up in the awful whirlpool of all that is villainous.

Let not this be called imaginary speculation. It is a painful allusion to FACTS, *which will stare any man in the face who has courage to look that way.* We have been importuned to hold up to public view the Monsters of Iniquity, who, by keeping such houses, work this alarming mischief. Had we any hope of success, we would beseech the proper characters to see to it; but what would our exhortations avail.

If then the mountain of error in the conduct of men defies our attempt to break or remove it, by *direct attacks*, may we not be permitted to erect batteries for its gradual demolition? May we not employ the ladies (whose influence over man, barbarous or civilized, is so extensive) in the capacity of miners, to remove the foundation of the enemy's works? Those small blemishes sometimes found in woman's character, it is no difficult task to remove: It is a pleasant one, because seldom necessary, and always soon accomplished. And every writer is urged to it, when he considers, that while the purity of female manners is preserved; men, associating with such women, cannot become irremidiably depraved.

REMARKABLE CAPTURE OF FESCAMP,

FROM SULLY'S MEMOIRS.

The manner in which Fescamp was surprised is so remarkable, that it well deserves a particular recital. When this fort was taken by Byron from the league, in the garrison that was turned out of it, there was a gentleman, called Bois-rosé, a man of sense and courage, who making an exact observation of the place he left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison which was put into Fescamp by the royalists. That side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock six hundred feet high, the bottom of which for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when, for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathom of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois-rosé, who found it impossible by any other way to surprize a garrison, who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of ac-

complishiug his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible, this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform.

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited for it continually upon the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time that it was low water. Bois-rosé, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with fifty resolute men, chosen from amongst the sailors, in two large boats, to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and tying knots at equal distances, run short sticks through, to serve to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement with a strong crow run through an iron staple made for that purpose. Bois-rosé giving the lead to two serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the fifty soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their bodies, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning; which indeed soon became impossible, for before they had ascended half way, the sea rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating. The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprize is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these fifty men, suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rocks; add to this, the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness, and exhausted spirits; it will not appear surprizing, that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did. This serjeant telling the next man that he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him, Bois-rosé, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no higher, crept over the bodies of those that were before him, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount by pricking him in the back with his poignard; and, doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, he would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and was introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, where they began to slaughter without mercy the centinels and the whole guard; sleep delivered them up an easy prey to the enemy, who killed all that resisted, and possessed themselves of the fort.

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Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
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SHAKESPEAR.

The following biographical notice of W. Cowper, is abridged from the interesting memoir of that poet, published by Hayley, who has perhaps indulged too much in the luxury of strewing, with an abundant hand, aonian flowers on Cowper's urn.

W. Cowper was born on the 26 of November 1731; at Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire: his father John Cowper, then holding the rectory. Here the infancy of William was passed. He went to Westminster school, and thence when 18 years old to the house of an attorney, where he courted the Muses. He laboured under the severest sufferings of morbid depression from December 1763, to July following. In 1765, he removed to Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the family of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman. He settled in 1767, with his widow at Olney in Bucks. In November 1786, he removed to the neighbouring village of Weston. He died on the 25th of April 1800; and was buried in that part of Dereham church which is called St Edmund's chapel.

The person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man, with a fonder prodigality, all the requisites to conciliate affection and inspire respect. His countenance expressed all the powers of his mind, and all the sensibility of his heart.

He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes of a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners

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As a sufferer, indeed, no man could be more entitled to compassion, for no man was ever more truly compassionate to the sufferings of others.† It was that portion of benevolent sensibility in his nature, which endeared him to persons of all ranks who had opportunities of observing him in private life. The great Prince of Condé used to say, "No man is a hero to his familiar domestic ;" but Cowper was really more ; he was beloved and revered with a sort of idolatry in his family ; not from any romantic ideas of his magic powers as a poet, but from that evangelical gentleness of manners and purity of conduct which illumed the shade of his sequestered life.‡ As a man, he made the nearest approaches to moral perfection. Cowper greatly resembled his eminent and exemplary brothers of Parnassus, Racine and Metastasio, in the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic character.

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books, his reading was conformable to the rule of Pliny, *non multa sed multum.*

In describing the social and friendly faculties of Cowper, it would be unjust not to bestow particular notice on a talent that he possessed in perfection, and one that friendship ought especially to honour, as she is indebted to it for a considerable portion of her most valuable delights: viz. the talent of writing letters.

Those of Pope are generally thought deficient in that air of perfect ease, that unstudied flow of affection, which gives the highest charm to epistolary writing; but those unaffected graces may be found abundant and complete in the various correspondence of Cowper. He was indeed a being of such genuine simplicity and tenderness, so absolute a stranger to artifice and disguise, his affections were so ardent and so pure, that, in writing to those he loved, he could not fail to show what really passed in his own bosom, and his letters are most faithful representatives of his heart.

Letters indeed will ever please, when they are frank, confidential conversations on paper, between persons of well principled and highly-cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

The language of such letters must of course have that mixture of ease and elegance, peculiarly suited to such composition, and most happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and Cowper.—These two great masters of a perfect epistolary style have both mentioned their own excellent and simple rule for attaining it—to use only the language of familiar conversation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

In the words *Revolution Française*, there occurs a very singular anagram. Take from the words *Revolution Française* the letters which form the word *veto*, and the remaining letters rightly transposed, will make this sentence: Un corse la finira—*a Corsican will finish it.* The Emperor NAPOLEON thus whimsically *finishes* the revolution; and, to finish the sentence, stamps his *veto*, or negative, on the liberties of Continental Europe.

Who, but a writer endowed with powers of thought and expression like Dr. JOHNSON could describe the process of a glass manufactory in such magnificent periods as the following.

Who when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniencies of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world. Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction, was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the Sun and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to view ranges of existence and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animate life, and what is yet of more importance might supply the decays of nature and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in Glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of Science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures: he was enabling the Student to contemplate nature, and the Beauty to behold herself.

THE HISTORY OF POETRY, IN A LETTER FROM DEAN SWIFT.

"In obedience to your commands, I here send you a short essay towards a history of poetry in England and Ireland. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after we attempted to translate the psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In Queen Elizabeth's reign there was but one DI SPENCER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man IS HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet a little before her death we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHARKE SPEARS; which was pursued under King James 1st. by three great poets; in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ONT: the second, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BEN-DING a little to stiffness,

In the reign of Charles I. there was a new succession of poets: one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of: he has so much salt in his composition, that you would think he had been used to SUCK-LING. As to his friend, the author of *Gondibert*, I'D AVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COLLY; but he had a rival, whose happier genius enabled him to stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the usurpation we fell into burlesque, and I think, whoever reads *Hudibras*, cannot BUT LEER, I have COT ONE more, who travestied Virgil, though not equal to the former.

After the restoration poets became numerous; the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILL-TONE, must never be

forgot. Poets in those days loved retirement, and sometimes lived in *dens*. One of them in a DRY-DEN: another called his den his village, or DEN HAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow who is now laureat affects to USE DENS still. But to return; the author of *Venice Preserved* is seldom O'T WAY; yet he who wrote the *Rival Queens*, before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another, who was a native of Ireland, went into England, because it was more SOUTHERN. I say nothing of the satirist, with his OLD DAM verses. As for comedy, the *Plain Dealer*, W'ICH EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece; he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes shewed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE WELL. *Sir George* out-did them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned it into ridicule, under the name of *The Rehearsal*. It is indeed no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when by one of his great favorites, who was likewise an excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT 'er, that I have left out the Earl of Rochester: but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon the revolution, poetry seemed to decline; however, I shall PRY O'R as many poets as I can remember. *Mr. Montague* affected to be the patron of wit, and his house was the poet's HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP NIGH every day. Another of them who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON-GRAVE subjects. The rest come in a ROW.

The author of the *Dispensary* had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH: but may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean the author of *Cato*.

To mention those who are now alive would be endless, I will therefore only lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our 16th number we inserted *part* of a letter "to Miss E——." Philander was "happy to find that the number of our correspondents had increased." We hope the great crowd of writers then at our door has not deterred him from returning. Don't be alarmed, Philander, they are not so numerous now; you should bring the remainder of that letter; for the lady must surely think herself slighted, when she is held in suspense *seven long weeks*.

We were told last week that the *By-Stander's* attack on Levees, would be repelled by a gentleman, who we know is capable of exciting interest; and we regret that such writers should so long neglect us. The "coldness" of which "Eliza" complains, is found in *single* gentlemen only; therefore it cannot be indifference with regard to the welfare of the ladies that witholds the "Defence of Morning Parties."

If the beaux and bachelors of this city have really *cooled* in their attachment to the ladies as "Eliza" declares, we may expect to hear re-echoed at every corner, we'll "barter all joys for a goblet of wine." But we think she is under a mistake: These gallant fellows will never desert the God of Love, to sacrifice to Bacchus.

R. ROUNDHEAD's reply to T. HARDHEAD is received.

PHILALETHES shall be attended to.

No. IX of the BY-STANDER is received.

The following *Literary Curiosity* is the most curious piece we have received for some time. If it be nothing more than an *attempt at composition*, we freely forgive the author; but if, as the thing itself seems to import, it is intended to excite a laugh at the sufferings of humanity, then the unfeeling writer deserves the contempt of every Christian!

THE WIDOW'D POOR.

As late a lady walk'd the street
A 'lorn object she chanc'd to meet,
This object sought this lady's aid
I am a widow'd poor she said,
Not only from the man I lov'd
But from every door I'm shov'd.
My babes to me than life more dear
For those I quake, for those, I fear;
An infant screaming for the breast
And not e'en bread to feed the rest,
None! none! feel my woes no not one
All! all! at pleasures vortex run.
I've cry'd Oh hear a mothers pray'r
And allways have they sorn'd to hear:
But let the world enter my hut
And see my fire of Tan and soot,
See! my babes suffering for cloaths
Myself! from grief deny'd repose,
Then they'd relieve the widow'd poor
Nor turn their back as heretofore.

ROSELLA.

ERRATA.—In the last number of the *By-Stander*, last quotation from Horace, for "plerunaque secatros," read *plerumque secat res*. In the adage, for "anquis" read *anguis*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOLILOQUY OF A FASHIONABLE LADY.

To dress? or not to dress?—that is the question:
Whether it is most prudent to expose
Our lovely forms to keenest blasts of boreas,
To winter's nipping frost and icy fang,
Or to be doubly fortify'd, entrench'd,
Behind a foxen muff enormous?
Take cold?—impair our health?—ah, there's the rub,
For in our flimsy garb what ills may come,
By shuffling off a petticoat or *two*,
Might give us pause: there's the respect, that makes
Our constitutions oft so much impair'd;
Yet who would patient bear to trudge and sweat
Under a silk *Pelise* with wadding stuff'd,
Who their *debut* should make with a *bare elbow*?
'Tis thou, O Fashion, who the deaf can hear;
Whose fascinating form the blind can see;
Whose sway extendeth over young and old;
The prince and peasant are thy votaries;
Before thee, Wisdom looks discountenanc'd,
And at thy shrine devotes itself with zeal;
In chains, the boasted lords of the creation
Obey thy mandates and become thy slaves:
Thy voice prevailing, to the winter's wind
And summer's scorching sun we'll bid defiance;
For thee we'll sacrifice our health and ease,
Those sweet companions of the young and fair,
Which makes the roses flourish on our cheeks,
Our eyes with lustre sparkle; at thy call,
With all the formal out-works we'll dispense,
And substitute a *scanty leafy cover*.
Thus, fashion does make converts of us all;
And thus its votaries are led away,
'Till reason, weak'ned, palsi'd by its pow'r,
Becomes supine and loses all its action. SYLPH.

SELECTED POETRY.

Second Prize Translation of Horace, Ode 22, Book 1.

BY GEORGE W. ORMEROD,

OF BOLTON, ENGLAND, AGED 15.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The man, unaw'd by guilty fear,
Protection from the pointed spear,
Or Moorish bow disdains;
He needs, my friend, no venom'd dart,
For innocence protects the heart,
Where conscious virtue reigns:

Whether through depths of trackless snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows,
He bends his weary way;
Or where the treacherous quicksands o'er
The surging billows loudly roar,
And dash the foaming spray.

For late as in a Sabine grove
I careless sang the maid I love,
Too far my steps were led;
A grim wolf stalk'd across my way,
I stood a weak, defenceless prey,
But me unarm'd he fled.

No beast of such tremendous size,
Beneath the shady covert lies
Of warlike Daunia's groves:
So dreadful thro' the howling plains
Of Afric, Juba's drear domains,
No tawny lion roves.

Place me where no refreshing breeze
Sighs gently thro' the verdant trees,
Or zephyrs cool the air;
Where dull infectious damps arise,
Where low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
And vap'ry mists appear.

Or place me where the car of day
Pours on my head its downward ray,
Or houseless wilds among;
Whatever dang'rous toils I meet,
My fair one's wit and smiles so sweet,
Shall be my ceaseless song.

THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night,
Messieurs *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright*,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says *Moore*; "of us three
The whole town will agree
There's only one knave, and that's *Strange*."

"Yes,—says *Strange*, rather sore,—
I'm sure there's one *Moore*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother,"—
"O yes,—replied *Moore*—that is *Wright*."

On a regiment sent to Oxford, and a present of books to Cambridge, by George the First.—1715.

BY DR. TRAPP.

The king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his Universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*:
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*.

These lines were once repeated to Sir William Browne, who, with extraordinary quickness, answered,

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own *no argument but force*;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow *no force but argument*.